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## MAXIMS BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.

### FRIENDSHIP.

'THERE is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother,' says Holy Writ, and the statement is corroborated by the experience of most men. The ties of blood are liable to be weakened by many circumstances—undue favouritism on the part of parents, which breeds jealousy, or antagonism of interests, for instance—but mainly by the familiarity which begets plain speaking, if not actual rudeness. A brother or sister will sometimes give a piece of their minds to their relative, which the recipient may forgive, but cannot forget, or may be can do neither. 'My dear Tom, it is my duty' [which is false] 'to tell you the truth about yourself. Your disposition is niggardly: you have been a mean fellow all your life.' Or: 'My dear Tom, the fact is you have been a bully and a coward from your cradle.' Or: 'My dear Tom, you have always been the most selfish of human beings, and it is high time you should know it.'

The probability is that Tom knows it well enough, and on that very account detests being reminded of it. He may not think himself quite so bad, but he suspects it, and to have the matter confirmed in this uncompromising manner is most galling. It is a great mistake to suppose that a man does not know his own faults and vices much better than even his nearest relative can know them, besides being aware of secret weaknesses that the other never guesses at; but he is accustomed to euphemise—if that can be said of looking at a subject on which one never speaks. His selfishness, when he regards the matter at all (which he hates to do), is a proper regard for his own interests; his meanness is prudence; his ingratitude is the return for an insult which has wiped out a previous benefit; his bullying is the due assertion of his own importance. Yet his conscience is really sore with the sense of his own shortcoming in these matters, and this blow from his brother's arm falls with terrible effect. For a friend to strike in this way, would be to destroy friendship altogether; but a true friend never would

dream of doing so. He has chosen his comrade in spite of his faults, and has no shadow of right to remind him of them—at all events, in so abrupt or direct a way. Nay, a man's weaknesses—such as extreme susceptibility, lavishness, guileless simplicity, and others—sometimes attract a friend as much as his virtues, and it is no part of friendship to blame and insult, but, by example and gentle treatment, to amend.

Love, in the sense of which I spoke of it in the chapter devoted to that emotion, rushes at once with open arms towards its object, not caring even to investigate its demerits: but Friendship considers before it thus attaches itself, and does so at last *in spite of* all drawbacks. Hence, the former passion is far more likely to cool than the latter, and even to turn to something in the process that is quite the opposite to Love. Love, in a woman's case, does not necessarily cast out fear; but Friendship—however much of reverence, esteem, respect, may form its materials—must know no fear. There must be a perfect equality. If a man has the somewhat slavish respect for social rank with which Englishmen are credited, he must not choose a friend in a superior grade of society. Nothing of the patron can possibly mix with the true friend. When a naval lieutenant has been appointed to some sole command he has long coveted, he may say: 'The First Lord has been always a good friend to me;' but his use of the word is solely owing to the sense of obligation, a thing absolutely incompatible with friendship. The interchange of kindnesses between friends begets nothing of the sort; nay, if they are solely on one side (as sometimes, though rarely happens), still one is not in debt to the other. The latter has only enjoyed opportunities which were denied to the former; if their cases were reversed, the enjoyment (they are both convinced) would also be reversed. And that is all. There is a general opinion, that although a man may help his friend by personal exertion, interest, and, in short, by any description of money's worth, he may not help him with money. This may perhaps be the case with vulgar friendships, however genuine; but a friendship of a high class is certainly proof

even against the strain of a debtor-and-creditor account. Leigh Hunt, for instance, had some true and loving friends, notwithstanding that he was in the habit of receiving from them very material benefits. Surely it is a deification of mere dross, indeed, to say that though the fortunes of friends may be unequal, it is dangerous to their mutual relation for the one, out of his superfluity, to supply the other's need with the precious metal. If one can thus lose a friend, one ought to be able by the same token to procure one; yet, neither notes nor gold have yet purchased that commodity which many a rich man would give half his possessions to obtain.

There are, of course, on the other hand, many friendships, so called, entirely begotten and sustained by the bestowal and reception of benefits: to sun one's self in the smiling countenance of a great man is, in the opinion of many respectable persons, 'to be honoured with his friendship'; a member of parliament may call another, 'if he will permit him to do so,' his honourable friend; and I believe there was once a hanging judge, who, when assuming the black cap, always commenced his address to the unhappy victim with: 'My friend, it is my painful duty.' But none of these friendships are worthy of our consideration.

Again, the acquaintances which convenience, or opportunity, makes for us, are not to be considered as friends, although, of course, it is possible they may ripen into them. There is a proverb extant, that a man is known by his friends—that is, by the company he keeps; but this, like most saws, is a very untrustworthy guide to character. What a mistake, for example, would that man have made who judged Walter Scott from what he knew of Scott's crony, John Ballantyne. We choose our friends for dissimilarity to ourselves, almost as much as for likeness. The taciturn often selects the gay and buoyant for his companion, and the philosopher the man of practical details. A favourite pursuit, a common amusement even, will cause men to associate with each other, quite as much as any sympathy of opinion. The bond of union between two men is often unintelligible to others; for the mere pleasure we take in each other's society goes further to gain friendship than all the virtues combined, and that pleasure may be unaccountable even to ourselves. Undoubtedly, respect should grow with friendship; but the origin of it is rarely due to that cause. Many respectable and well-established firms of friends owe their beginnings, indeed, to almost as trivial incidents as does Love itself: a striking or humorous manner of treating some subject of conversation; an honest avowal of some mental or moral deficiency; a manful defence of opinion against odds; nay, a happy turn of expression even, may so tickle the heartstrings, that we exclaim to ourselves: 'What a capital fellow this man must be!' and so the first stone of a life-long intimacy may be laid. A wise man will never neglect an opportunity that is thus afforded him, notwithstanding that, as we grow in years, our interest in new people becomes very feeble, and our hopes of meeting anybody worth knowing low indeed. There are some folks who are always adding to their hosts of acquaintances, and full of the praises of this or that delightful individual, whom they sat next to at their last dinner-party; but such persons, although for ever talking of their 'dear old friend' so-and-so, just deceased (for they lose about one a week, according to their own account),

are really quite incapable of making friends. They have weaknesses enough, but these are not taking ones; and their virtues are not of the right sort. Nay, I know some really good, honest, generous men, who do not possess a friend in the world, although everybody respects them; while, on the other hand, men of inferior natures attract affection without effort.

Perhaps we may say that there is something almost of genius, as well as geniality, in this capability for friendship. The faculty of personal attachment which some men possess is, at all events, a mysterious gift, whose power is sometimes exercised in spite of the greatest natural obstacles—even Selfishness and Egotism; nothing, perhaps, but kindness of disposition and the desire to please are absolutely essential to a man so dowered. No human being with a hard heart ever had a friend; for it is the heart into which friendship creeps, and wherein alone it finds a permanent abode. It is, in some respects, even the substitute for Love, since the sincerest and most enduring friendships are commonly (although by no means without exception) found between bachelors. The husband is often careful to please his wife, even to the neglect of his friend, although, if the wife understands her position and true advantage, she should never suffer such occasions to arise. Yet, it must be confessed, there is something of antagonism between Friendship and Marriage. There is nothing more touching, as well as laughable, than the embarrassment of an 'engaged' man, who has to break the fact of his contemplated change of condition to an intimate and trusty friend. It seems, somehow, that he owes him an apology; that he premeditates an injury against him; and that he has broken some unspoken pact between them, in thus attaching himself to the Beloved Object. Hitherto, they have had no secrets from one another, yet now he feels that he would rather reveal this one to any other ear than that which has been always open to him. Indeed, the design of *Æneas* very often reaches his *Achates* by another channel—an unnatural reticence, solely owing to the monstrous monopoly claimed by the passion of Love. When a man is married, indeed, his wife, if worthy of the name, will gradually become his best and nearest friend; but it galls *Achates*, naturally enough, to find his years of long-tried fidelity weigh as nothing in the balance against the charms of a pretty face, but six weeks seen. The girl, unless she is wise beyond her fellows, takes all as her due right, and has no mercy; but she is the less to be blamed in this, inasmuch as women but very rarely know what friendship is. Their affection for man is Love; their affection for one of their own sex is too liable to be marred by jealousy, and (especially) to be cut short by a sharp word, to be entitled friendship. Their sympathies are more contracted; religious opinions, politics, and literary tastes do not form bonds of union between them, as with men. Though less selfish and egotistic, they are more vain, and given to rivalry: and upon the whole, although women have plenty of female acquaintances, whom they call 'my dear,' and even 'my dearest,' their affection is not greatly prized by one another, nor, perhaps, is it very valuable.

With men, however, next to a good wife, a good friend is the very best thing to be got. Neither time nor place can, of course, be named for the acquisition; but the most likely period for it is

without doubt that of early manhood. The greatest advantage of our universities, to my mind (and worth all their classics and mathematics, as well as the unpleasantness of acquiring them), is the opportunity they afford of making honourable, true, and worthy friends. One's college friendships almost always last for life. Those of boyhood are evanescent. Of course, it is pleasant to meet with ancient school-friends; to find ourselves on common ground which time has hallowed; but the pleasure lies in the circumstances, not in the personality. The fact is, although the boy has been said to be father to the man, that is not so certain as that the reverse is the case. The character is not sufficiently formed at school for any dependence to be placed on friendships there cemented. Our subsequent positions in life are often vastly different, and we become widely separated from one another; whereas, at college, although there may be inequalities of fortune, there is good hope that we shall meet again in life. Indeed—though we owe friendship an apology for naming such a thing in its good company—even the low and snobbish plan of sending a boy to Eton for the sake of aristocratic connections is found to be futile, for the above reason.

Anything of Toadyism, or base preference of any sort, is incompatible with the noble emotion of which I write. A man that will excuse himself from his friend's board on plea of subsequent invitation to that of a duke, unless for some material reason fully understood by the former, is unworthy to possess a friend. I write this because the greatest enemy to friendship is what Mr Thackeray has so well entitled 'Snobbism,' and it is wonderful how weak brethren will succumb to it. That is another reason, by the by, why women are so incapable of friendship: dear Lady Mary (whom they have dined with half-a-dozen times perhaps, or less) is promoted, with terrible facility, to that place of friend and confidante resigned (with a disgust she does not hesitate to express) by plain Polly. But that *Man* should slight a jewel with whose worth he is well acquainted, for the sake of mere tinsel, is a reflection humiliating indeed.

'Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware,  
Especially, thou dost not slight the first  
In doing unearned honour to the last.'

#### SUICIDE EXTRAORDINARY.

'THEY are certain to be unhappy,' said the Lady of the house. 'These unequal matches seldom produce anything but misery.'

'And children,' added the Parson.

'Possibly,' said the Lady a little sharply; 'but children have nothing to do with peace in these cases.'

'Olive branches are taken as types of Peace, too,' observed the Parson.

'When one of the lower orders steps out of her sphere,' continued the Lady, without noticing the remark, 'and unites herself with one of an order above her, it is a presumptuous thing, and may lead to the most terrible consequences.'

'Quite so,' assented the Parson.

'You agree with me, then?' said the Lady.

'I can bring a case in proof,' said the Parson—'one which had the most terrible results.'

'Pray, let us hear it,' said the Lady. 'Did it come within your own knowledge?'

'One of my own parishioners,' replied the clergyman.

'Ah, how sad!' said the Lady triumphantly. 'A dairymaid!'

'No,' said the Parson politely—'a dog.'

The Lady of the house, slightly piqued, and suspecting a snare, would have declined the illustration; but there appearing a pretty general desire on the part of the company to hear the story, the Lady gave way; and the Parson, after arranging an imaginary pair of bands, said—

No; I will tell it in my own way. As I cannot give effect to the account by the change of voice and play of feature which the Parson had at his command, I shall take the facts, and arrange them after my own fashion.

Somewhere or other in the very heart of one of the loveliest districts of English woodland, there lived, not very long ago, a dog. This dog came, by the father's side, of the great family of the Newfoundlands; and by the mother's, claimed connection with the Setters—both well-known names, both families from which any dog might be proud to be descended, and both illustrious for all the virtues with which the canine race is gifted. No unworthy scion of these ancient and honourable stocks was our hero. With the more masculine characteristics of the Newfoundland, he combined the almost feminine tenderness of the Setter; so that it was difficult to say whether he were a Newfoundland softened and refined to the extremest degree, or a Setter of a more than ordinary bold and masculine character. A dog so formed to inspire at the same time affection and respect, was, as you may suppose, a favourite with every one—was, indeed, the idol of the neighbourhood. He was credited, and not without much show of reason, with possessing intelligence to a degree quite supercanine. He was pointed out to strangers as a curiosity, and was spoken of as a creature holding an intermediate rank between man and beast. Wonderful stories were told of him: how, when the Clerk's little girl was lost, the dog roamed the country the whole night through, found her, and restored her to her friends; how, when the thieves got into the church, the dog discovered them, and flew for assistance to the nearest house—not, mind, because it *was* the nearest house, but because it was the sexton's; how, when Farmer Boodle found, on his return from market, that he had lost his pocket-book, containing the price of two cows in country notes, the dog made his appearance with the book in his mouth, just in time to make it unnecessary for the farmer, who, in his despair, had already torn out three handfuls of hair, to commit further devastation. The dog was the hero of a multitude of stories of this kind, and was valued accordingly. The brute—I use the term with no offensive meaning—had fairly established

a claim upon the consideration of the Humans by displaying an intelligence almost as great as the intelligence of a man; and the Humans allowed this claim, and satisfied it by shewing for the brute an affection almost as warm and constant as the affection of a dog.

A universal pet, the dog wandered happily about from this farmhouse to that; here making a call upon the village clergyman, there accompanying on his visits the village doctor; now received with shrieks of welcome by the entire population of a hamlet, and now enjoying the hospitality of a Hall; wherever he went, as certain to be considered the most welcome of guests as ever was the Barefooted Friar in the ballad. Never was so happy a dog; but, mark you, his happiness sprang from the sympathy which attached him to a superior class of creatures to his own. He had, we may at once allow, a nobler and a larger mind than is common among his canine brethren. With them he had no fellow-feeling. No one ever saw him, with arched tail, and fun in every hair of him, assisting a fellow-dog to gallop strange circles on the grass, as if between them they were devising illustrations for an edition of Euclid for the use of dogs. But any day he might be seen the centre of a group of delighted children; romping with them, or racing with them, allowing himself to be dressed in fantastic suits of flowers, or led a happy prisoner in a daisy-chain. No one ever saw him going on a friendly walk with another dog; but he would often accompany the postman on his rounds; and he would go for miles with the doctor, waiting at the patients' doors till the man of medicine reappeared, and then meeting him with a look of interest and a low inquiring bark, which no one ever doubted meant: 'Well, sir, how's the old lady to-day?' or, 'The baby any better, sir?' or whatever the nature of the case might demand. Mankind was his friend. What were dogs to him? What Aztecs are to Europeans; what the aboriginal Australian is to the English squatter.

Very beautiful, no doubt, was the friendly relation thus existing between dog and man—beautiful, but perilous withal; for, supposing that by some accident the relation should be broken, what would be the future position of the dog? Where could he turn for sympathy? Not to his own kind. Letting alone the dislike which all of his own kind naturally felt for one who invariably treated them as creatures immeasurably inferior to himself, could he who had been the friend of man condescend to be the mate of beasts again? Was he to wag his tail—that tail which the best regarded maidens of the parish had often combed, and occasionally twisted into curl-papers—was he to wag it in friendly salutation at the approach of any scrub of a cur that chose to demand his notice? Was he to fall in the social scale in this way? He to herd with narrow foreheads?

So long as the friendly relation endured, however, our hero was the happiest of dogs, the admired of all admirers, the welcome guest at every table: turn which way he would, he could not go wrong, where every house was his home, and every man, woman, and child his loving friend.

But there came an awful change.

One day it was darkly whispered by some ignorant clown that the dog was going mad. (Say, Muse, was it an enemy who thus poisoned the happy atmosphere of the creature's life; or was it merely the babbling of bucolical folly, inflamed by home-

brewed? Both the Muse and the Parson are silent upon this point.) The rumour spread: 'going mad' became 'gone mad,' and 'gone mad' 'rabid,' in very brief space. The superior order of creation was seized with a panic in exactly the same way that panics operate upon the inferior orders. 'Hydrophobia' was in every one's mouth, and the happiness of our hero was gone for ever. Behold him trotting quietly along a lane on a fine spring evening, making leisurely for the house of an intimate friend with whom, and in the society of whose charming family, he thinks of remaining till the next day. See! he stops and pricks his ears; he recognises the footsteps of a friend; with alacrity, but at the same time with dignity, he quickens his pace; the friend comes in sight, and the dog, springing towards him, says as plainly as dog-language will allow: 'I knew it was Giles. How are you, Giles?' What is our hero's astonishment to see Giles leap hastily over a ditch on to a bank, and brandish a rake as no friend ever brandished a rake before; and to hear himself, in tones quite new to him, warned that if he comes a step nearer he will have his brains dashed out. Seeing that Giles is apparently meditating hurling the rake at him, and is, past a doubt, actually kicking at the bank, in order to loosen a stone, our hero leaves him, more in sorrow than in anger, and more in astonishment than either. At the next turning, the dog looks back. Giles is standing in the middle of the lane, staring after him. Seeing the dog turn, Giles brandishes his rake once more, and goes through the pantomime of picking up a stone, with such a wild and exaggerated action, that the dog has but one conclusion to which he can come. 'I'm very sorry for it,' he says to himself, as he strolls on; 'but there is no doubt about it: Giles is mad. Giles, through some cause or other—love or something else—is now a raving madman.'

He shakes himself, pauses to consider what is to be done for Giles, sits down, and thoughtfully scratches himself behind the right ear, and while so doing, is startled by the sudden shrieking of children. He looks up, and perceives that two little children, who were coming in his direction down the lane, have turned, and are running back again as fast as they can, squealing with fear.

'Mr Noakes's twins!' says the dog, starting up. 'Who's frightening them, I should like to know? Let me catch him at it; that's all,' and dashes after them at full gallop. Before he reaches them, however, Mr Noakes himself makes his appearance, terribly flustered, and very pallid from some cause unknown. He flings himself recklessly over a five-barred gate, brandishes a pitchfork as Giles lately brandished the rake, and between whiles—can it really be so?—throws stones at him, the dog, and shouts fearful threats. 'This is a sickening state of things,' says our hero. 'Giles has evidently bitten Noakes. If something is not done, we shall have the whole district in this condition. I'm off to the doctor's.' And without a moment's delay, he turns into the field, and makes his way straight across country to the doctor's house.

With the familiarity which long acquaintance justified, arrived at the doctor's house, the dog jumped the garden-gate; and, seeing his friend engaged in watering flowers, bounded straight up to him, omitted, as the urgent nature of the case compelled, the customary salutations, and attempted at once to draw the doctor in the required direction



by the simple process of taking one of his coat-tails in his mouth and pulling at it. The moment the doctor perceived the dog, he gave a shout of terror, flung away from him so abruptly that he left the greater part of the coat-tail between the dog's teeth, and fled precipitately into the house, banging the door violently after him. Appearing almost immediately at an upper window, he shook his fist ferociously at the astonished beast, loudly proclaimed his gratitude that his coat only had been bitten, yelled for his servants, who appeared one by one at different windows; and then himself and household, as if all were moved by a single impulse, commenced shaking weapons of various kinds at the poor innocent dog, and, with much abusive language, roared to him to quit the place. As soon as his astonishment would allow him to move, the dog turned round with a miserable whine, drooped his tail, and ran slowly towards the gate. In passing the watering-can which the doctor had been using, he paused a moment and smelled the water; but shrinking from the idea of partaking, even in so slight a way as that, of the doctor's hospitality, after such treatment as he had received, he left it untasted. There was a unanimous shout from the house of 'That proves it; he won't drink: it's too plain what's wrong with him;' and the dog jumped the gate once more, and disappeared.

They could not all be mad: the doctor, of course—the superstitious belief in the doctor, so characteristic of the lower orders, here coming out strongly—the doctor, of course, could not be mad; nor the doctor's servants, who were constantly under his care. Then why Noakes, who had only treated him as they had done? And why Giles, who had only behaved like Noakes? No; it was too plain that they had all suddenly conceived a hatred for him, the dog; they had determined to have no more to do with him; they had made up their minds to throw him over, to cast him off. He would go to the friendly house to which he had been bound at first, for there he was certain of sympathy. He went. The children screamed, and ran into the house; the farm-servants shut themselves up in the cow-sheds; every one who saw him shouted at him, and threatened him with all sorts of dreadful deaths; and the master of the farm, his very good friend, his kindest and most intimate friend, displayed his much-loved figure at a window, pointed a gun at him, and swore that if he did not disappear instantly, he'd blow him to smithereens. Who shall say what dismal thoughts were in the wretched dog's mind as he skulked off to some lonely hovel, far away from any one? In all seriousness, from what an agony of surprise he must have suffered. There is no doubting that dogs think; they know friends from enemies; they associate kindness received with the persons who shew that kindness, and cruelty with the persons who are cruel. Then, when those who had up to this time been kind friends, suddenly turned and acted like bitter enemies, what miserable confusion of all his ideas of right and wrong, what disbelief in goodness and sincerity, what dismal disappointment must have torn his dog's heart! Did the sterner nature of his father, the Newfoundland, come to his aid in those hours of darkness and desertion? or did the gentle blood of his mother's family assert itself in him, and lead him to tell his sorrows to the moon until—should such a process be possible—he howled himself to

sleep? Who can say what were the horrors of that night to him?

However, the next morning—apparently he had comforted himself with the thought that the previous day must have been the first of April, and all the people consequently foolish—he came out of his hovel comparatively cheerful, and still unwilling to believe that his intimate friend had seriously cast him off, made his appearance very delicately in the farm-yard about breakfast-time. A dairymaid saw him first, screamed, and ran away; a cow-boy flung a fork at him; a man tried to throw a rope round his neck from the window of a loft (all friends of long standing, these); last came the master with his gun again; and then the poor dog, hopeless utterly, threw his head up, gave a long howl, that would have moved the pity of a mad-doctor, and fled away. All that day he wandered about, at intervals shewing himself at different places—places where, a few hours before, welcome would have gone out to meet him—trying, seemingly, all his best friends one after another; and everywhere he was received in the same way. The people with one consent had all turned against him; not a soul gave him a kind word, or looked at him with any eyes but those of terror or threatening; the children, who formerly were never tired of petting and fondling him, and whom he used to treat with a tenderness and delicacy particularly beautiful, now, when they saw him, screamed, and ran to their mothers; the mothers screamed, and banged their doors in his face; the men threw at him the first thing that came to hand, and against him turned their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears; every one's hand was against him; the whole neighbourhood shrunk from him; the world hated him. At 7.45 P.M. his heart broke. He turned away from a house where a friend of six years' standing had thrown a large flower-pot at him; while another friend, who had known his mother when quite a pup, climbed hastily into an apple-tree, and applauded the deed. He stumbled down a well-known path which led to the river; the moon shone brightly; the water flashed white against the black shadow of the trees on the further bank; he stood a moment, the cast-off, heart-broken creature, on the brink of the river; once more lifted his face to the sky, and protested with a pitiful howl against the cruelty of the world; and then deliberately committed suicide. He walked into the river till the water reached half-way up his shoulder, then plunged his head below the surface, and held it there. The waves beat against him; his body swayed to and fro; the water caught his long hair, and pulled at him; his limbs lost their strength, his feet their hold; the current took him; and with his head still held obstinately down, the river swept him away, far away from his ungrateful parish.

Such was the story. The company generally discredited the suicide, declaring that the dog only went to the river to drink, that his nose caught in some weeds, and that his head was drawn under by the force of the current. The Parson, while declining to accept this as an explanation, returned that the story was sufficiently lamentable, and quite as extraordinary, even if the dog's unhappiness only drove him to drink. But, for his own part, he held by the suicide, believing that the creature's wonderful acuteness had pointed out to it that drowning was the only means which could

possibly clear it of the charge of madness; for a voluntary death by water, though it would be instantly set down as madness in the case of a man, yet, in the case of a dog, would be universally accepted as the clearest proof of sanity.

## ENGLISH WORDS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE great power of differentiation of meaning in our language arises in a considerable degree from the number of different languages from which English words are derived. The Teutonic element, of course, largely predominates in our English tongue; but Latin, often derived through the Norman-French, also forms a very important element, and the relation of these to each other is such, that the former for the most part supplies the material foundation, and the latter the abstract ideas to our language. Then we have a vast multitude of words derived from the Greek, and several from the modern French, which might perhaps be more properly used to illustrate the annexing temper of our tongue. Thus, such words as *envelope*, *adieu*, *rendezvous*, *tour*, *fracas*, *apropos*, &c., may be considered as fairly appropriated; and many others are in process of annexation, those which most readily pass through this process being perhaps those connected with military affairs and with court ceremony. It can hardly be doubted that many of our so-called technical terms connected with our manufacturing occupations are terms brought over from the continent by the skilled manufacturers who left the French dominions on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A singular instance of a term wholly French in its derivation, but which yet appears not to exist in the French language at present, is the word 'culprit.' One 'seized by the neck' is the literal meaning of this word, from *col*, and *prendre*, arrested; that is to say, by the officers of justice, whose grasp of their victim, in this country at least, is so characteristic, that the term seems to have been invented, undoubtedly by the Norman-French, but probably subsequent to their location in England, to express what we at present designate by it. And this is something different from a 'criminal': it is one caught in his offence, and thereupon arrested, designating an offender in the hands of the constables; while the term 'criminal,' from *criminor*, to accuse, represents him as charged at the bar of justice.

Probably a nearly similar instance of a word essentially French, yet unused in France, is the singular Scotch term 'snood,' the little knot of ribbon with which a maiden binds her hair. This word was probably introduced about the time when Scotland had so much intercourse with France, and imported so much of French manners and the French language about the reign of Mary; for it seems to be a corruption or contraction of the French *les noues*, the *s* being, by faulty pronunciation, taken from the dropped article, to be attached to the substantive: quite analogous to the provincialism by which 'scap' is used to designate a bee-hive, a hive being first called a 'cap,' from its shape, but of course a 'bees' cap,' the possessive *s* being subsequently attached to the substantive, so that a 'scap of honey' is now spoken of without mention of the bees.

As instances of words which, though derived

from the Norman-French, and still retained in the French language, have yet passed into a totally different signification in English, we may take the terms 'mare' and 'filly.' Mare was, of course, originally *mere*; but as the English had, in the Saxon tongue, the word 'mother' to answer the signification of *mere*, which, moreover, by force of its being the popular word, overbore the term *mere*, the use of which was limited to the comparatively few Normans, it came to pass in process of time that a word was to spare; and, Norman knights and squires being in the habit of designating the animal which gave birth to their steeds as the *mere* or mother thereof, this spare word became differentiated in meaning from the word 'mother,' and was soon applied solely to the horse-tribe. 'Filly,' originally *filie*, a daughter, by a precisely similar process, came to designate a young foal of the female sex; the alterations from the French spelling being subsequently made, for the purpose of giving a more accurate rendering of the sound, in accordance with the recognised value of the English vowels. *Garçon* is an instance of a French word not found in English, but used among the Irish peasantry in precisely its French signification, and with as nearly as possible the same pronunciation.

We have traces also of the Arabic element in our language, most words of which the syllable *al-* forms a component part being traceable to Arabic, which most probably entered our language through the medium of the Spaniards, with whom, it will be remembered, we had intimate relations in the reign of Mary, and some subsequently in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Before the defeat of the Spanish Armada, that nation was unquestionably the foremost in Europe in its naval power; it is therefore in no way surprising that such a word as 'admiral' should have found its way from Arabic into English through their means. The *d* has been inserted for the sake of euphony; indeed, it is absent also in the French form, *amiral*, and the complete term was *emir-al-bahar*, chief of the sea. The terms 'chess' and 'check' are also of Arabic origin, signifying the game of 'sheiks,' or princes. It is well known that the Spaniards were formerly the classic chess-players of Europe. The term 'pawn' is plainly Spanish, being the same as *peon*, a servant, camp-follower, or foot-soldier. This derivation we are at once led to through the medium of the French form, which is *pion*, as *pion coiffe*.

The syllable *al-* in 'alligator' is also Arabic, the term being a modification of the Spanish name for the animal, namely, *al-lagarto*, or the lizard, doubtless *par excellence*. So, probably, is the word 'elephant,' if traced back through the Greek to its real origin, namely, *al-phil*, modified into *al-fyn*, by which name we find the chess-piece now known as the Bishop called in the thirteenth century, it being represented by an elephant among the Eastern players. The proper name 'Gibraltar' is a contracted form of *Gib-el-al-Tarik*, the rock of Tarik, a renowned Moorish leader, whose name is also preserved in that of the town Tarifa. By this word *gibel*, or *giber*, a rock, we suspect that the origin of a singular word in the English language may be explained, namely, 'gibberish,' a term of contempt for unintelligible jargon, the verb of which is 'to gibber,' which we find in Scott's description of the unearthly pageant at Dunedin's Cross: 'Gibber, and sign, and disappear;' the more

common verb, 'to jabber,' being no doubt a kindred form. The idea of unintelligibility is the prominent one in all these words; hence the term was probably one originally applied by the Moorish invaders of Spain to the language—to them unintelligible—of the aboriginal Spaniards, who would have been driven by their conquerors to dwell among the rocks and fastnesses of their mountain sierras, as the aborigines so often are by a conquering race, and the first signification of the word would simply be 'rock-language.' By quite an analogous process, *pagan*, a villager, came to signify a worshipper of idol gods, the small villages of the Roman empire being naturally later than the large towns in their evangelisation. Can the verb 'to gibe,' have any similar connection with *gibel*? dwellers in an inaccessible rocky fortress being apt to taunt their besiegers with their want of success against them. Certainly the Greek verb *γίβω*, to gibe, arose by a somewhat analogous process from the substantive *γίβη*, a bridge, in consequence of the habit indulged in by idlers on the bridge of Eleusis of flinging their taunts at the votaries who passed by to the temple. Before leaving this Moorish or Spanish element in our language, we may advert to a singular and evidently Spanish corruption of our national name, which has actually been adopted as the national name for a large offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon race: this is the term 'Yankees,' which is nothing else than the name of 'the English' modified through the Spanish *II Inghese*, and the corruption of this into *Yenghese*, whence the transition to the form 'Yankees' is self-evident.

The Celtic element in our language must seem a very small one, when it is considered that the entire aboriginal population was Celtic. Omitting proper names, as names of places, which more easily survive an invasion than names of things, we have little more than thirty purely Celtic words in our present English tongue; and a terrible tale these relics of the ancient language tell of the horrors of that Saxon invasion owing to which the Celtic language became extinct in England; for not only are they terms relating to lowly employments, but they nearly all refer to the occupations or articles of use of the female sex. How came it to pass that words used by men in their occupations did not survive? For no other reason than because the men themselves were exterminated, except, perhaps, a few slaves, while the women were retained as wives or domestic drudges. This is just what we should expect when we consider that the Saxons were sea-rovers, and landed in Britain as warrior invaders only in rare instances, such as that of Rowena, if the tale be true, bringing women with them to the dangers of the sea and battle, and, when they had established themselves in their conquered territory, taking, as a matter of course, the Celtic women as wives or household slaves, when husbands and fathers had been slain. The Celtic words basket, barrow, button, bran, clout, crock, dainty, darn, gyve, griddle, gruel, gusset, gown, kiln, mesh, mop, rail, rasher, rug, solder, welt, wicket, wire, bear sad testimony to this fearfully fatal page in the history of our island. 'Dale' and 'dell' appear also to be Celtic words, as they are evidently the same as 'dol,' a meadow or vale in the mountains, a frequent prefix amongst the Welsh Highlands, as Dol-badarn, Dol-gelly. The term seems to have found its way back again from the Principality

into England under these modified forms. So also 'lawn' is plainly the same as the Cambrio-Celtic term 'Llan,' a smooth plot.

Not so terrible in its desolation, and hence far less marked in its effect on the language of the inhabitants of our island, was the Norman invasion: though so many thousands of men were destroyed, yet the male sex was far from annihilated, nay, a sufficient number were left to make up for the greater portion of the entire population, and hence Saxon forms the broad basis of our present English language; but the male population were reduced to a very abject condition, and, apart from the records of history, this tale is very distinctly told in many of our present words. Since the population of the island was divided into two classes, a ruling and a serving class, speaking different languages, we should undoubtedly expect to find, when in process of time the races and languages became fused into one, that terms relating to the pursuits, occupations, and enjoyments of the higher class would be derived from the language they spoke, and that the language of the conquered race would furnish the terms similarly referring to the lower class of life. Such has been the case. We find that the Norman element predominates in words relating to war, chivalry, the chase, the pleasures of the table; while the terms of agriculture and humble pursuits are mostly Saxon.

Many of our present terms of contempt were originally only words properly applied by the Normans to the occupations of their Saxon serfs; but the fact that they subsequently became terms of contempt serves strongly to shew the feelings with which the invaders regarded the conquered Saxons. Thus, 'boor' meant originally simply cowherd, being derived from 'bos,' and formerly spelled 'bo-er,' in which shape it is still retained to designate the Dutch farmers at the Cape of Good Hope. 'Villain' was merely a peasant, a cultivator of the great man's villa-farm, as the corresponding term 'villanage' clearly proves, as does also the presence of the second *l*, which shews that its similarity to 'vile' is merely accidental. 'Knave' was originally 'gnavus,' an energetic worker—not, indeed, a Norman term itself, but one borrowed from the Latin. 'Varlet,' again, is merely 'valet,' with the *r* inserted to correspond with the insular pronunciation; and even the respectable Saxon designation 'ceorl,' analogous nearly to our yeoman or tenant-farmer, became in Norman mouths degraded in meaning into our present 'churl.' This, indeed, was no more than the Saxons had themselves done in the case of the enslaved Celts, as an illustration of which we may give the present word 'thief,' which was originally 'theow,' and merely meant a slave, a class which the Saxons at first constituted from the few relics of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Three of the names we use for the seasons of the year are Saxon, namely, spring, summer, and winter; but autumn is of Norman introduction, from the Latin. There being no corresponding term in the old Saxon, the Norman term took root in the language, while their names for the other three seasons passed away. But why do we find the absence of a term corresponding to the Latin *autumnus* in the old Saxon? Is there any reason far back in the remote origin of the language why such a word should be absent? The want of the word distinctly marks the absence of the idea at the time when the Saxon, as such, received its



principal development. But how came the idea to be absent? Let us inquire whether there was anything in the climatical conditions of the countries where this language took its rise which can account for this, to us, singular fact. We think there was; for far north, in the regions whence the worshippers of Odin derived their race, the reign of winter is long and severe; then comes an extremely rapid and well-marked spring, in which the development of vegetable life proceeds with a vigour which in our latitudes is hardly to be conceived; on this follows a brief and fierce summer, with a sun that never sets; and then at a bound they pass into the depth of winter's frost and darkness again. Autumn there is none; the fruits of the earth are ripened and gathered in during their three months of summer. But in the warm and sunny south, where the Norman-French element of our language took its rise from the old Latin, autumn was a well-marked annual season, during which the earth yielded her fruits of increase, subsequent to the summer-tide heat, and not during that period, as in Scandinavia, and from this idea the Latin name of the season is derived. So, when the Normans landed on our cloud-covered shores, they carried the idea, and with it the new word, along with them. It is remarkable that in the least Normanised branch or offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon race, namely, the American, the word is rapidly passing out of use, and, the climatical conditions being such that the idea must remain, a purely Saxon word is being introduced to designate it, having reference to the most remarkable natural phenomenon of the season, namely, 'the fall.'

There is hardly any study more interesting than this of tracing words to their fountain-head, analysing the trains of thought which have passed through the minds of multitudes, even of the very nation itself, while words were in process of formation, growth, or adaptation to their present meanings; for words are not arbitrary signs; they have all a meaning and a history, lost, it may be, in remote ages, or under the veil of other modes and habits of thought, other conditions of existence, other languages; but still all have been strictly derived, all have reasons for their present forms and meanings—reasons in many cases no longer to be arrived at or traced, but not the less really existing, although, like the source of the Nile, their origins and sources may yet remain undiscovered, or, at best, only traced to some root, as the Nile to the central lake of its far-off mountain watershed; and from these sources all have followed a regular and definite course to their present condition, although this course is often so hidden that the identity of the present word and its remote origin is hardly, or not at all, discoverable, like rivers that have sunk beneath the earth, and run for miles in an underground channel, reappearing at great distances, unrecognised, though the same.

Or, to illustrate our meaning by another simile: the present word and its original form may be likened to two end-blocks off a stone slab which has been broken in three, and of which the middle piece has been lost. The end-pieces seem to have no connection; they do not fit to each other; they may lie far apart, yet they are pieces of one stone, and their unity will be recognised the moment the middle piece is found and shewn to fit into the one at one end, and into the other at the other.

This searching out and discovering of the middle pieces is a study of the most engrossing interest;

one which, like all other studies, requires practice, and, moreover, a knowledge of certain rules—that is to say, an appreciation of the changes which words are liable to undergo in the popular mouth. For instance, one must be prepared to take into account the almost universal tendency to contraction in pronunciation, generally rapidly followed by a corresponding change in spelling; as instances of which, we may give such words as 'surgeon,' contracted from *chirurgion*, an operator with the hand, from *χίρς* and *ἵργον*; and 'rule,' contracted from the Latin *regula*; and 'pamphlet,' shortened from the words *par un filet*, thus meaning a stitched book; 'alderman,' which is a shortened form of *eorldeorman*, as 'yeoman' is of *eorlman*; and such popular terms as 'gaffer' and 'gammer' for grandfather and grandmother. 'Sheriff' is a contraction of 'shire-reeve,' *reeve* being the term for the chief officer of an Anglo-Saxon township. 'Earnings' and to 'earn' appear to be only abbreviated pronunciations of 'yearenings' and to 'yearen,' signifying the return paid for a man's year's work.

Another modification of words which we must expect is that arising from the perfect interchangeability of vowels, owing to dialectic pronunciation or difference in the social condition and refinement of the speakers. Indeed, vowels almost seem to possess an inherent tendency to become interchanged, so utterly wanting is persistency of vowel-sound in our language; and aspirates or breathings, such as *h, w, wh, v, f*, are of almost equally perfect interchangeability, of which instances may be abundantly found in the pronunciation of the uneducated and of children. Again, there is at least a great liability to interchange even of consonants, particularly of consonants of the same class, as labials, with one another; and similarly of liquids, dentals, gutturals with each other; while frequently a consonant is even replaced by one of a different class, as any close observer may readily find for himself the moment he begins to give the subject attention.

It has been humorously said, that in word-tracing, vowels go for nothing, and consonants are changeable at pleasure; but this is not quite the case, though many instances seem to prove it to the unpractised in such investigations; but the practised ear and eye recognise at a glance what changes are permissible in any given instance—that is to say, what changes may have been effected in the course of time by the popular pronunciation, and detect an alliance in words as readily as the eye of the practised geologist recognises the *facies* of a specimen which he may never before have seen, and can at once tell to what particular era it belongs.

Another most valuable aid in hunting down words is an acquaintance with other languages, for very frequently the clue to the relationship of the word—that we have called the middle piece—is to be found in some other language, where it may have assumed a form intermediate in sound, spelling, or signification between the original word or idea, and what these have become in English mouths or minds; for these middle pieces may have, as it were, sunk down altogether in a separate stratum, as portions of a now separate language; just as a belt of coal in a seam may be found to have sunk down altogether at a mining fault, being broken off from the adjacent portions at both sides.

The German language, having been originally



one seam with the English, is, as might be expected, particularly fertile in these middle pieces. What, for instance, is the meaning, the idea running through our term 'green,' as applied to a certain colour? The German form of the word, *grün*, at once shews its connection with the participle 'grown,' and tells us that an appreciation of the connection between a particular colour and the almost universal fact of growth from the earth in objects possessing that colour suggested to the popular mind a term indicating growth from the earth as appropriate to designate the colour in question.

What, again, is the meaning of the word 'sky'? It is the Saxon term for what in the first chapter of Genesis is called the firmament: 'Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.' The German term for this verb 'to divide,' namely, *scheiden*, gives us at once 'sky' as derived from it, and signifying that which 'divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.' The substantive 'watershed' and the verb 'to shed' are from this same root. This word *scheiden* is one of those which point to a common origin, far back in remote antiquity, for the Teutonic and Hellenic branches of the great Indo-Germanic or Caucasian family of languages which had their locality of origin in the elevated table-land of Armenia, and which are distinguished by possessing monosyllabic roots capable of composition, and therefore having both grammatical structure and organisation. Of this, the most important family of languages in the world, the Hellenic and the Teutonic have been the most important branches; and widely as they have diverged, many words, especially those which designate primitive ideas, distinctly shew an original unity of source and a common point of divergence. The verb *scheiden* is one of these, being evidently the same as the Greek verb *σχίζω*, *schidsein*, to divide, to which our word 'scissors' is at once referable. The Saxon word *ecola*, the hull of a ship, from which our English term 'keel' is derived, seems to be similarly connected with the Greek word *κοίλος*, hollow, referred to above; and the Saxon 'burg' or 'borough' unquestionably has a close relation with the Greek *πύργος*, a fortified tower.

To return, however, to our German derivatives. Take the little word 'us'—what is it, where does it come from, and what are its relations? In German, we find the letter *n* inserted, *uns*, shewing at once, first, that it is merely by the strong tendency to contraction in the English language that it has been dropped by us; and secondly, that it is simply the plural of *un*, which is at once recognisable as a modification of 'one,' and which is still used as an accusative pronoun in low-class provincial dialects, while it is to be observed that the word 'one' itself is often used as a synonym, or sort of circumlocutory term, for 'me.'

Let us consider, again, what the word 'help' has to say for itself. In German, as before, is to be found the connecting-link between this word and others which had originally the same thought attached to them, but have, in course of ages, become separated both in form and meaning; for the German of help is *hülfe*, from whence returning again to the English, we at once arrive at the word 'behoof,' the syllable 'be' being only of the nature of a prefix: 'behoof' then means for a man's

help. But we have another form of this word behoof, namely, 'behalf'; from which, by simply removing again the prefix, we obtain the word 'half.' It is evident, therefore, that the original idea attached to the word 'half' was the portion of work done by a man's 'help.' If the help was worthy of the name, it effected the 'half' of the work; and she who is a help suitable (not a 'help-meet,' an absurd substantive, coined out of a misapprehension of the meaning of the adjective meet, and subsequently as absurdly modified into 'help-mate'), but a help suitable or meet for a man, is she who bears half in his cares, anxieties, and troubles—bears her own half of the work in her own sphere, without claiming his part of it as hers also; and surely if she does her own half, she will have occupation enough, and thus, by faithfully acting as his 'help,' she becomes, as the popular phrase expressing the same idea has it, his better 'half.'

Can we learn anything of the generalisation of thought, the collection of scattered rays into one focus, in the word 'belief'? When we remove, as before, the prefix 'be,' we obtain the word 'lief,' which still exists in English with the signification of preference, as, 'I had as lief do so and so.' We thus arrive at once at the German word *liebe*, love, the key-word of the contained idea, implying that the usual basis of faith in any dogma or doctrine is an attachment to it, which is no doubt the true account of the extraordinary influence which education has in all matters of belief. We have thus summed up in this little word the maxim *quod quisque vult facile credit*, and the converse of the same, as expressed in the well-known English distich:

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

Some of our present words distinctly exhibit claim to great antiquity; they point back to a very primitive condition of the soil occupied by the race who first employed them. Let us take as illustrations the words field, wood, and sod. For the first of these, the corresponding German, *feld*, at once conducts us to the verb 'to fell,' and tells us that the word had its origin at a period when the primeval forest still stood in the territories occupied by those with whom the word arose, and that a 'field' originally meant no more than a felled or cleared space, whence the timber had been removed that tillage might be employed; subsequently, the word came naturally to signify any ground under tillage, or enclosed for purposes of cultivation, irrespective of the question whether the process of timber-clearing was had recourse to or not, in order to prepare it for such use. If this, then, is the idea contained in the term 'field,' what is that which lies hid under the term 'wood'? Again, we find in the German the connecting-link between the present and original ideas attached to the word, for in this language the form is *wald*—a form analogous to that which we find in English in the term 'world,' used in Westmoreland as equivalent to a desolate mountainous region; and from both these forms we readily perceive that the idea contained in them is that of the adjective 'wild,' itself derived from the verb 'to will,' and signifying simply 'willed,' or, as we would probably now say, 'self-willed'; and it is remarkable that in this verb 'to will' we have a past tense 'would,' with exactly the same pronunciation as the word 'wood,' derived from the verb by a route so much

longer. 'Wood,' then, was at first used to designate the uncultivated parts of the country, as distinguished from the field or cultivated parts; and since, in the primitive condition of the land, the uncultivated portions were covered with forest, the term 'wood' came by degrees to be synonymous with forest. 'Sod,' again, is no more than the 'sowed' part of the soil, an origin the idea of which is still very much preserved by the constant addition of the adjective 'green' to this substantive, as the green sod; and the word itself is properly applied to a mass of earth matted together by the roots of the herbage which covers its surface.

Another word, apparently of a very early origin, is 'hearth,' for it is nothing else than 'heart,' and plainly points to that primitive state of domestic arrangements, which still continues in certain parts of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in which the fire occupies the centre of the one-roomed cabin.

The term 'road,' again, points out of itself its origin at a time when carriages or vehicles generally were unknown, and travelling through the country was accomplished in the saddle, for its connection with the verb 'to ride' is obvious. 'Rudder,' again, must have been of somewhat later date than this, when the popular mind was familiarised with the word 'road' as signifying a route or path to go in, irrespective of the mode of progress along it, for 'rudder' is simply the 'roader,' or that part of a ship which directs her on the route which she is meant to traverse.

The word 'farthing' does not tell us anything regarding the positive epoch of its origin, but it does tell us that relatively it was of later date than penny, as must also have been, by the same testimony, apart altogether from history, the coin it designated, for it is nothing else than a corrupted form of 'fourthing,' which indicates that both must have come into use at a period when the penny, of which it was the fourth part, was already familiar to the popular mind.—These, however, are sufficient hints and examples to shew the interest attaching to the study of our native tongue. In the works of professed writers on the subject, abundance of matter may be found to gratify a taste for the subject, if we should have been fortunate enough, by a few such illustrations as have suggested themselves to us, to awaken such a taste, which will without doubt grow with cultivation, and prove a source of endless enjoyment to its possessor.

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

### CHAPTER XXXV.—MORE TROUBLE.

NEVER had there been such a glut of excitement in one day at Sandalthrow as that which included Dr Warton's funeral and Miss Lucy Wilson's attempted elopement. The first incident, however, was utterly dwarfed by the second, and almost discarded from men's minds; just as our gingham umbrella (formerly valuable, as being our only one) is put aside and little thought of when we are unexpectedly presented with a silk one. The village was not so small but that the population was sufficient to support several versions of the facts we have ourselves very truthfully narrated in the last chapter.

It was by many asserted that Valentine Blake had run off with the young lady in question, married her, and brought her back again the same afternoon; an act of audacity such as could have been only carried out by a person who had spent most of his life in foreign parts. The post-boy who drove them home from Wallowdale had probably never met with such lavish hospitality in his life (although the district is proverbial for it) as he experienced from all-comers at the *Wrestler's Arms*. Every man was eager to treat him, in order to receive in return particular and exclusive information as to what had actually happened; and as he had really but little to tell, beyond that Mr Bentinck Woodford had ordered the vehicle (with directions to call for his portmanteau at a certain beer-shop on the road), and that the tutor had occupied it, it is not to be wondered at that the poor fellow, feeling obliged to honour the draughts presented for his acceptance by agreeable details, got deeply in debt to his imagination. Unlike the writers of fiction, who first use up their original materials in fanciful and airy plots, and afterwards resort to Facts for the framework of their stories, the post-boy began with bald and naked truth, which, as he mixed his liquors, blended more and more with the ideal, until at last there was absolutely nothing 'to go upon' in his whole story except the post-chaise. *That* was trustworthy; that could bear cross-examination; and it bore a good deal of it, as it stood in the inn-yard, surrounded by that large portion of the inhabitants of Sandalthrow who preferred vague excitement gratis to particular information at threepence a glass. If it was not the rose—which the musty, evil-smelling old vehicle had certainly no pretensions to be—it had been near the rose: it had contained the charming runaway and her lover, or *lovers* (for there were some who, thanks to the post-boy, had drunk even of *that* wine of astonishment); and it was a satisfaction to the public to sit in turn where she had sat, and to make a thoroughfare of the vehicle by throwing both its doors open, and climbing in and out until they broke the springs. George Adams was easily recognised by the description given by the post-boy (when in his early stage); but what part to assign to him in the drama played out at the Seven Sisters was felt to be very difficult. Miles Ripson's name never transpired at all—the improvisatore had only seen 'a black man' in the distance depart in company with Mr Bentinck. Perhaps the devil had indeed flown away with the young squire. As had been agreed upon, no mention of that so nearly fatal conflict under the Seven Trees was made either by Lucy or Valentine.

There was enough of misdoing already laid to the charge of the precocious Bentinck, and the young gentleman himself apparently deemed that the consequences would be sufficiently serious, for he did not return to face them. This was felt, for the present at all events, to be a relief to all parties. The just indignation of the good parson could not have been restrained had that would-be destroyer of his domestic peace ventured to return, and shew his black face among his flock; he would without doubt have spoken to him from the pulpit, and that would have been far from pleasant to the other occupants of the Squire's pew. Mr Woodford himself was not displeased that no opportunity was

afforded him of laying that horsewhip about the shoulders of his prodigal son, without which substitute for the fatted calf he now never took his walks abroad; it was just possible that the young reprobate might offer some resistance—nay, was he not even unnatural enough to make reprisals?

Evelyn, wretched as she felt whenever she thought of her cousin, and the disgrace he had entailed upon all belonging to her, gathered some comfort from his absence: perhaps he was ashamed of himself—perhaps he was penitent. She looked in the post-bag every morning for an abject confession of the enormity of his crime, and the avowal of his solemn resolve to mend his ways for the future. In the meantime, it was something that Lucy had received such a lesson of the dangers of undutifulness as she was never likely to forget. It was in Evelyn's company that the contrite girl had returned to her father's roof; it was Evelyn's voice that pleaded with him for her pardon, when already from Evelyn's arms she had passed into those of her mother, forgiven, welcomed, and dearer than before, because so nearly lost. Upon Mrs Woodford, the tidings of Bentinck's misdoings seemed to have little other effect than to increase her physical ailments; she was growing more like a vegetable than ever, and bad news only made her withdraw into herself more and more, like a sensitive plant at the approach of night.

The only apologist for the young scapegrace that could be found at the Hall, or even in the parish, was the housekeeper. She had always shut her eyes to the faults of her foster-son, and this last escapade of his, serious as it was, she persisted in viewing as a mere peccadillo. Her reading, although by no means various, had been extensive, and from it she gathered that elopements were the only form of matrimony for young people of spirit. Perhaps her conscience secretly reproached her with having herself indoctrinated the lad with this idea, or, at all events, encouraged it in him; but it is right to add that Mrs Ripson fully believed that his intention had been lawfully to marry the Beloved Object; and would not have credited, had she been told, that the world was so emptied of its romance as to have dispensed with the services of the blacksmith of Gretna Green.

So the days wore on without any news of Bentinck, and Valentine—the squarest man in the world for the round hole of a Sinecure post—felt himself more and more without excuse for delaying at Sandalithwaite, notwithstanding that the Squire vehemently pressed his stay, and that the unconfessed attraction which held him to the place by the very heart-strings, grew stronger and stronger daily. At last he made up his mind to depart, and fixed upon the very day: he had already written to his friend Giuseppe in Italy to say that he was about to be his comrade once again. Everybody at the Hall was sorry that Valentine was going, not even excepting Mrs Woodford, and had most of them expressed their sorrow in their own way. The Squire, for instance, had averred that his departure being singularly inconvenient and distasteful to him, was only what he, Ernest Woodford, had expected all along, and quite consistent with the general dispensation of affairs, which had always been in opposition to his private wishes; and 'Where the Deuce,' asked he, 'now that the doctor was dead, and the tutor going, was he to find anybody fit to speak to?'

Only Evelyn said nothing, although it cannot be

added she made no sign of regret. Her paleness and silence spoke for her to those who understood such language (which her uncle fortunately did not), but in Valentine's presence she did her best to be cheerful.

'Lord bless you, Miss Evy, why don't you let him see you love him?' urged Mrs Ripson bluntly; 'that will be some comfort to him, at all events, when he goes to battle, if he must go.' And though Evelyn reproved her adviser with greater sharpness than she ever used before to any human creature, Mrs Ripson only answered: 'Very well, miss; I won't open my lips again, I promise you; but I know more about these matters than you do, for I've read a deal more; and if Mr Blake don't speak for himself before the day's out, then him or me is a fool.'

Valentine was to take his departure the next day. Evelyn and he were standing together upon the lawn in the late autumn evening, while the Squire, having received his usual morphean draught of pianoforte, was asleep in the drawing-room.

'We shall miss you very much, Mr Blake,' said Evelyn in quiet tones. 'I hope you will often let my uncle know how you fare in—in Italy.'

'Yes, Miss Evelyn. And you too, perhaps, will write me news of home when you have time. Bentinck will doubtless come back soon. I have strongly advised Mr Woodford to send him to college, where he will meet with suitable companions, of which he stands so much in need.'

'I will do so, be sure. How strange will seem the tidings of our village-life to you amid the pomp and circumstance of war!'

'Everything will have an interest to me that comes from Sandalithwaite, Miss Evelyn. I shall be glad to hear in particular about George Adams: I pity that poor fellow as well as like him much: his lot in life appears to have been sadly crossed.'

Thus

They spoke of other things; they coursed about  
The subject most at heart, more near and near,  
Like doves about a dovecot, wheeling round  
The central wish, until they settled there.

'There is no fear,' said Valentine gravely, 'of my forgetting any here, and least of all yourself. But perhaps you would not object to give me something—all Irishmen are beggars, your uncle says, and so you must excuse me—something I have fixed my fancy on, as a parting present.'

'Certainly, Mr Blake; I will give you what you please, and welcome.'

'It is not anything very valuable, Miss Evelyn, that I mean to ask you for; but when I first came here, your uncle took me over all the house, and there was a little picture, hanging in your room, I think, which struck me much. It is a water-colour drawing of a spot I recognised at once—the Sugar-loaf Mountain above Rio Janeiro—and I should like to possess it, linking as it does my life here with that I spent in other lands. Do I ask too much of you?'

Evelyn blushed crimson, and hesitated for some moments ere she spoke. 'It seems indeed discourteous, Mr Blake, to refuse so simple a request, and at such a time; but that picture is not mine to give. That is, it was given to me—nay, I may say it was the legacy of one very, very dear to me, for he was drowned within a week after he painted it—my cousin Charlie. That picture and a letter which I had from him at the same time, are to me



the most priceless things that I possess, although to others I should have thought of little value. I cannot say how it grieves me to say "No."

'No matter, Miss Evelyn,' returned the tutor quietly: 'I will think of something else, then, of which to plunder you.—But here comes Jacob. What a pleased, excited look he has, which is a very bad sign with him. There is probably a chimney on fire.'

'Oh, Mr Blake,' cried the groom, advancing hastily, 'I want to speak to you, sir, alone, if you'd please to walk this way.'

'If there is anything the matter that concerns me, Jacob, let me know it,' interposed Evelyn authoritatively.

The servant looked from one to the other, in terrified embarrassment, and then interrogatively at Valentine. The tutor had somehow got to be the person to whom the household looked in the case of any catastrophe—from the horse having broken the fence and strayed away, to the boat having sprung a leak—it was so much more pleasant to get his wise advice than mere peevish abuse from their master.

'You may speak before Miss Evelyn,' said Valentine quickly. 'What is it, man?'

'Something dreadful has happened to Mister Bentinck down at the mines, sir. The messenger'—

'I will see him at once,' interrupted Valentine.—'And you, Evelyn, see that Mrs Woodford hears nothing of this.'

The young lady bowed her head, and turned with him rapidly towards the house. 'You will not leave us just now, in this new trouble, Mr Blake?' said she, in low quick tones, as they hurried in.

'No, Miss Evelyn, certainly not,' answered the tutor. 'Stay here in the dining-room, and I will come and tell you what has happened, and without concealment.'

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—UNDER THE FELL.

It may be easily imagined that when Bentinck and Miles Ripson left the battle-field of the Seven Sisters in possession of the tutor and his ally, they were in no enviable frame of mind. The young squire, though baffled in his wicked purpose, was yet well aware that the consequences of his attempt would be almost as serious as though it had been successful; and, as we have seen, he did not dare to shew his face at home. He had money with him, the possession of which he could scarcely have explained to the satisfaction of a Court of Justice; but although it had been intended for the support of another person as well as himself, it was not a sufficient sum to keep Master Woodford Bentinck alone for any length of time.

'I suppose you can't let me have any more cash, Miles?' was his first sullen question, as the pair were crossing Wallowdale in the direction of the wad-mine.

'You suppose right there,' was the equally gruff reply. 'You've bled me rather too freely, as it is, of late. It's all very well to talk of what you'll do when you are your own master; but I don't see my way, now that you've cut your cable, of even getting back my own money.'

'Your own money,' ejaculated Bentinck contemptuously; 'you mean *my* own money, or at least my father's, for that's the same thing. His wad that you have been stealing is *my* wad, I

suppose. And then you complain, because, instead of peaching upon you, I condescend to borrow some of the proceeds.'

Miles gave his companion a very ugly look, by way of reply, and trudged on in silence.

'Look here, Ripson,' began the young man presently in a more conciliatory tone, 'it's no good our quarrelling with one another in this way. We are both in a devil of a hole, and we must hit upon some plan to get out of it.'

'Yes; you'll get on my shoulders, and leave me in it, that I know full well, Master Ben—if I give you the opportunity. But I won't give it you. It is you, with your silly fancy for the parson's daughter—as if one girl was not as good as another—that have brought us to this pitch. Of course, there will be an outcry against you, and serve you right; but it's ten to one I shall get into trouble also. How do I know that Blake will keep his word, and say nothing of our tussle?—'

'He'll keep his word,' interrupted Bentinck; 'never fear. He is a very obstinate chap about his word.'

'Well, for all that,' grumbled the other, 'I wish I had done for him when I had the chance.—And then there's that George Adams—he has evidently set me at defiance.'

'Well, there are some Sappers at Penrith—I saw them at the wrestling ten days ago—write an anonymous letter to the sergeant, and tell him there's a deserter at Blennerdale'—

'No, no,' interrupted Ripson, shaking his head; 'I don't want nobody up at the mines just now. George Adams will wait. In the meantime, let me fill my pockets—not that I have got a shilling in them at present, mind.'

'But in a few weeks' time you'll have more than you know what to do with, eh?' rejoined Bentinck cunningly. 'You won't forget that I have said "Halves!"' Miles Ripson here came to a halt, and fixed his eyes very steadily upon his young friend.

'Look here, Master Ben,' said he fiercely: 'I know what it is to be under another man's thumb, only he's dead now, I am glad to say, and I know what it is to have other people under mine. If you think you have gotten the better of me in the same fashion, let me tell you you are mistaken.—You may grin, but I'll not be in your power, as that Blake was in mine a while ago, so that I could just let him whistle a little if the tune pleased me, or stop his breathing altogether. As far as you are concerned, at all events, I mean to be a free man, that's sure.'

'By all means, Miles—why not?' answered the young man doggedly.

'Ay, why not indeed? You know what I'm about, Master Ben; something that cannot fail, if all goes well, to set me up for life, and which will furnish you, too, with all you want, until the governor drops off. But if it doesn't go well: if by any accident—and I am a deuced unlucky fellow—my scheme should be blown upon before we've made our fortunes, then I shall be booked for a voyage across the herring-pond.—But you—how will it affect you?'

'Well, I shall be very sorry for you, Miles,' observed the other in embarrassed tones.

'No, Master Ben,' continued Ripson sternly, 'that won't do. I shall take care that you shall be quite as sorry for yourself: you must have a finger in this pie—you must help me with

your own hands. Then, if our little plan is discovered, we shall both escape the consequences, for the Squire could never prosecute his own son; while, if, as is much more likely, we succeed, we shall come into our property in half the time: it's deuced hard work, let me tell you, for one man, and I want help sadly.—Come, I've seen you use a pickaxe, Master Ben, just as though you were not a born gentleman; and you are not such a delicate plant but that you will thrive well enough for a week or two upon the Fell side. What say you? Take your time, and then just answer "Yes," or "No;" as for me, my mind is quite made up.

Miles Ripson drew his pipe out of his waistcoat pocket (where it had miraculously escaped damage—the pipes of poor men are specially preserved—during the recent conflict), filled it, lit it, and indulged in several puffs before the young squire made any reply. When it came, it was characteristic enough.

'I suppose that one could lie quiet in your hut on the Fell, as well as anywhere?' said he reflectively.

'Of course one could,' returned Miles—'and a sight better too: who would ever think of looking for you there? If this tutor of yours is to be trusted, as you say, I shall certainly not be troubled with visitors. Then with the money you have got about you, we can get plenty to eat and drink, and the best of smoke. We shall be as jolly as—as Kings,' observed Mr Ripson, hastily substituting that word for Thieves, as being somewhat less pointedly personal. 'And then think of the end of it all! Plumbago at fifty shillings a pound, and the wad-hole not to be opened for a twelvemonth!'

'Very well, Miles, so be it,' said Bentinck, with the air of a man whose resolution is fixed. 'Let us see at once what kind of a lodging you have got for me. I suppose there is no chance of anybody being about the mine?'

'No; now that that fellow Adams is away, you are quite safe. He has always got his eye upon the hut—curse him!—when he is at home, so you will have to keep indoors, except at night; but although he thinks he can see further into a mill-stone than anybody, he can't look into the heart of a whinstone Fell. It does me good to think of this fool making the stable-door fast while the steed is being taken out another way!—There's the adit, look you, very secure indeed, and with the governor's seals unbroken; and yonder is my little house. Permit me to bid you welcome, Master Ben; to Wad-mine Hall.'

'You seem to be in confoundedly good spirits,' answered the young squire sulkily, as the pair clambered up the steep ascent that led to the hovel; 'but I, for my part, have not been accustomed to live in a pig-sty set in a wilderness. What an infernal place it is!'

Certainly, Wad-mine Hall could scarcely have been pronounced 'pleasantly-situate,' even by the euphemistic George Robins himself. The Fell was not only bare of trees, but so strewn with slag and refuse from the various wad-holes which had not repaid investigation, that there was scarcely a blade of grass to be seen upon it; and the hut, about thirty paces from the adit so jealously secured, was by no means out of character with its surroundings. It consisted of two small rooms, the outer of which was used by the present

occupant as the parlour and dining-room; while the other, a mere closet, whose space was moreover intrenched upon by the presence of a wattle hurdle, formerly the door of some abandoned wad-hole, which leaned against its inner wall, was the sleeping apartment. Neither of them boasted of flooring or fireplace; the walls were all unplastered; and a smell of new-dug earth pervaded the whole domicile very unpleasantly.

'You shall take the chair, young gentleman,' said the miner grimly, pointing to the only chair there was; 'and I will make shift with this basket turned upside down. As for the bed'—here he indicated half-a-dozen empty sacks thrown down in a corner of the inner room—'we will occupy that by turns; one shall sleep while the other works.—See, here is a prettier picture behind this screen than any you have got at Dewbank Hall.' Miles drew aside the wattle hurdle, and revealed a dark damp hole, almost a man's height, and sufficiently broad to admit of a man's using a pickaxe, running some distance into the solid Fell.

'You have done a good bit,' observed Bentinck approvingly. 'How long will it take, think you, before you strike the mine?'

'Left to myself, and supposing I am right in my bearings, I could have done it in a month. With a strong young fellow like you to help me, a fortnight ought to see us through with it.'

'And what do you do with all the muck that you get out of it?' inquired the other, with a gesture of disgust. 'Ugh! it smells like a grave!'

'Ay, and as the grave that gives the money to the heir, so I hope we shall find it,' answered the miner. 'I take the earth out every night in yonder basket, and empty it into the nearest wad-hole. I have not been an idle man since I have had this place rent-free, let me tell you. Although we are so near the adit, we have further to go to the mine; and I can tell you I am precious glad to have got a helping-hand. It has been gruesome work digging all alone here, day and night.'

'Ah,' replied Bentinck sulkily, 'I daresay it has; but then you're used to such things! It's a deuced sight worse for a gentleman born, like me. But how have you managed not to be found out at this work when anybody looks in?'

'Well, I take care to lock this inner door; but nobody ever does look in, except the man that brings me bread twice a week—for I am not a pig to be kept upon oat-cake—and he always comes at the same time. Now that you are with me, one will be able to keep watch for visitors; and even if folks should come after you, there's a hiding-place which nobody will suspect for you to creep into.'

Thus it was that, for several weeks after the attempted abduction of Lucy Wilson, none at Sandalhouse could guess what had become of Bentinck Woodford. As Miles Ripson had premised, the hut on the Fell was not troubled with any visitors, save the individual who, on Tuesdays and Fridays, provided its occupants with the only article for which the miner exhibited any delicacy of stomach.

Wad-mine Hall could not be said to lie exactly in any man's way, but it did not take the messenger any very great circuit; labour was cheap in Borrowdale, now the wad-works were closed, and Miles made it well worth his while. He was always ready for him at the door of the hut at the usual hour. On a certain Friday, however, in the late

October, the messenger arrived and found no Miles. He might have left the loaves upon the deal-board that did duty as a table (for there was nothing extraordinary in the miner's absence), and gone his way, had not the door of the inner chamber stood open, and made him curious to see how his acquaintance was lodged in that strange place for a Christian man to choose to live in. There was little to look at, as we know; but the hurdle was not standing in its usual place. It lay on the ground, and the hole running into the Fell was of course exposed. The man went a little way in, as far as the passage seemed to go; then, full of his discovery, ran down to the Manager's house, and told him.

'Miles Ripson must have gone mad, indeed, to weary himself by digging into the Fell-side like yon.'

But George Adams comprehended at once, although for the first time, why Ripson had been so unfortunate to occupy the hut; and even guessed at the catastrophe which had actually occurred. He seized on a pickaxe and spade, and bidding his companion do the like, ran at full speed up to the hut; he lit a candle, and entered the cavity with a beating heart. His practised eye gathered immediately that the obstacle to further progress was not the solid Fell, but a mass of newfallen earth. 'A man lies here,' cried he in a terrible voice, 'buried alive!'

It was of no use to dig for him at once without taking precautions, the neglect of which had evidently caused the present catastrophe. It was necessary to make fast every foot of their way with props, a number of which lay at hand for the purpose in the storehouse below, both lateral and overhead, lest the sides and roof should come in on them, as it had on him they sought. Besides an old charwoman, who cooked for the Manager, and superintended his household arrangements, there was no other human being in Wallowdale beside these two; no one to help them at their labour, no one to share with them their ghastly apprehensions, their oppressive responsibility. They dug on with desperate energy, though without ever omitting these prudent precautions, and relieved one another at short intervals; but the mass to be penetrated was considerable, and the necessity for carrying away the earth greatly impeded their operations. One held a blazing pine-torch while the other worked with the spade; a candle would not have thrown sufficient light to enable the latter to avoid doing a possible injury to him whom they did not yet despair of finding a living man. George Adams was well aware how partial such 'cavings-in' often turn out to be; it might easily happen that the unhappy wretch was neither crushed nor smothered, but only cut off from the outer world. If only, then, he could be reached before the air in the confined space about him grew poisonous, they might save him yet. Actuated by this slender hope, the two brave fellows were toiling in shirt and trousers, as men do not toil even for gold. It was George who was digging when they came upon the Thing they sought, yet feared to find.

'There is something here,' whispered the Manager hoarsely. 'Throw the light more forward.'

'It is only a great basket,' said his companion, looking over his shoulder.

'Nay,' said George; 'there's a man's arm too.'

Even so near to the accomplishment of their object as that, it was no easy task to free the body from the superincumbent earth, and drag it into

the hut. Not until this was done, and they were about to resort to some simple measures for resuscitation, although it was too evident the man would never breathe again, did they recognise the corpse.

'Merciful Heaven!' ejaculated Adams, 'it is not Ripson—it is the young squire!'

'Lor, and so it be!' exclaimed the other; 'and yet I doubt for my part if I should have found it out, Mr Manager. How like the poor young gentleman is to Miles, to be sure; and death alters a man so, one might very well have taken him for—Lor, George, then Miles Ripson is in there now!'

Overcome with wonder and horror at the unlooked-for spectacle before him, Adams had indeed forgotten that this must of necessity be the case. Accusing himself of a neglect of which he was certainly not wilfully guilty, he once more seized his spade, and, regardless of the warning of his companion, that he should wait for the underpinning props, again recommenced his work with impatient vehemence. He strove for his late enemy as though his own brother had been lying in that living grave. Nor had he to dig far. The body of the wretched miner lay within a very few feet of the place where his fellow-victim had been found, and they soon lay side by side in the little hut. The hand of the former still held the spade which he was using at the very moment of the catastrophe; Bentinck had apparently just turned to carry out the basketful of earth, when he was struck down by the falling roof. Both bodies were in a stooping position, and there was every reason to hope that death in each case had been almost instantaneous.

'What could the poor chaps ha' been about, Mr Adams?' inquired his companion, whose intelligence was by no means acute.

'They were enlarging the hut,' replied the Manager promptly. 'Miles often complained that his quarters were much too small for him.'

'Ah, so he did,' rejoined the other; 'those were the last words as I ever heard him say. But how rash it was of him, and he a miner too, to go digging into the Fell without underpinning. But then he allus was a risky chap.'

'Well, well, the poor fellow is dead now,' returned George solemnly; 'and when folks are gone, we should remember nothing that is not to their credit. We have done all we could for these unhappy men, God knows.—Now, make you haste to Dewbank Hall; ask for Mr Valentine Blake; tell him all this, but see you speak to nobody else, either there or on your way; for if the news of yon—and he pointed to the sheet-white face of Bentinck Woodford, beautiful even in its last sleep—should suddenly come to his mother's ears, maybe it would kill her.'

'But you'll never stay here, Mr George, alone?' exclaimed the other, with a shudder he did not affect to conceal.

'Why not?' returned the Manager quietly. 'I never feared poor Miles when he was alive—although we were not friends—and why should I fear him now?'

So the man started on his mission, and George Adams remained upon his ghastly watch. No sooner, however, was he alone, than the Manager re-entered the cavity, and, removing the more distant props, managed to cause a still further fall of earth, so considerably diminishing the length of the passage effected, that to persons even of keener



wits than his late companion it might easily seem that the unfortunate miner and his confederate had really had no other end in view than simply to enlarge the borders of their dwelling.

# THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONCE more the learned and scientific societies have resumed their meetings, and we shall soon hear whether anything new in science, or archæology, or political economy has been discovered during the long vacation. Meanwhile, our new bridges, new thoroughfares, the Thames Embankment, and public works of sundry kinds, are being pushed forward. Palace Yard has no longer the make-shift appearance to which it has for so many years been condemned: the ground is levelled, the Clock Tower no longer shows an ugly base of brickwork to M.P.'s as they approach the House; a cloister, carved to match the rest of the building, runs along one side; a handsome iron fence separates the spacious area from the street; and at last, the authorities have discovered that gas-lamps need not be distressingly ugly, or so feebly luminous as the lamps of London have hitherto been. The City Corporation are discussing a project for the erection of twenty-two slaughter-houses on a plot of ground near the Cattle Market, and accessible from the Great Northern Railway. If they carry it into effect, the slaughter-houses at present thickly scattered throughout the metropolis will be abolished, greatly to the satisfaction of sanitary reformers. The new abattoirs (as some folk like to call them) will of course be built with all the appliances needful to insure cleanliness and economy of operation. The best existing model of a slaughter-house is said to be at Edinburgh.

Sunset and sunrise, with their glowing colours and beautiful effects, are familiar to many persons, who are not aware that no satisfactory explanation of these phenomena has yet been made out, though many a natural philosopher has attempted a solution of the interesting question. Dr Lommel, a German savant, has recently published a new one, based on optical observations, in which the effect of darkened glass screens on the light which they intercept is prominently noted. The white light is enfeebled, and looks slightly red, and the diffracted light which accompanies it appears redder, and the more numerous the screens, the deeper will be the redness. So, at sunrise and sunset, the light passes through the lower strata of the atmosphere, in which minute particles of dust of various kinds are floating, and these answer the purpose of the screens used in the above-mentioned experiments. Diffraction takes place through a long series of particles, and as each one assists in intensifying the other, the general effect is that so often witnessed at dawn and eve. Some physicists have assumed that the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere occasioned the redness; but Dr Lommel states that when the rising or setting sun appears as a reddish disc like the moon in the horizon, the solid particles suspended in the atmosphere are sufficient to explain this coloration. A similar appearance, he remarks, is exhibited by the sun also in the presence of a thick yellowish vapour, even when it is high in the heavens (a London fog, for instance). The red colour, too, which, according to travellers' state-

ments, the sun exhibits when the simoom has raised the sand of the desert, belongs to this category.

A very instructive Report has been published shewing the number of deaths in England in 1865, and the several causes of mortality. The total number was 490,909. 184,877 died from local diseases, that is, inflammation and functional disorders, disease of the heart and digestive organs, and bronchitis. This last disease has greatly increased; it slew 21,528 in 1856, 32,346 in 1860, and in 1865 advanced to 36,428. Softening of the brain also shews a marked increase; the deaths therefrom in 1865 were 1051 males, and 627 females; and among nervous diseases were 26,722 deaths of children from convulsions. Zymotic diseases, epidemic and contagious, rank next, and the number of deaths under this head was 113,948. Intemperance cut off 437 persons, and *delirium tremens*, 612. Then come constitutional diseases—phthisis, gout, dropsy, cancer, and diabetes, with 83,504 deaths; then the fourth class, developmental diseases, with 77,806 deaths; and fifthly, 17,374 deaths by violence, of which number 15,232 were owing to accident or negligence. In addition to the tables, the Report contains important statements: that dysentery and typhoid fever are probably propagated through air or water—that tubercular diseases are communicable by inoculation—that the presence of phthisis in the armies of Europe is probably due in part to the inhalation of expectorated tubercular matter, dried, broken up into dust, and floating in the air of close barracks. The increase in the number of deaths from gout deserves consideration. Gout affects some of the ablest men in England, and it is suggested that there is perhaps some connection between the phosphorus abounding in the brain and the excess of phosphoric acid in the blood. From this brief summary, it will be seen that the death Report for 1865 is well worth study.

We have on many occasions directed attention to the facts which demonstrate the effects on climate and cultivation of indiscriminate uprooting of forests. Singapore now furnishes another example. In that island, the jungle was cut down and cleared away with reckless disregard of consequences; and the coffee-plantations being thereby deprived of the shelter they require, have all perished, and an important article of trade is lost to the community. In this instance, we are told, the climate is not affected; the very irregular rainfall of the country remains undiminished; but cultivation suffers. As a compensation for this state of things, the cocoa-nut tree has been introduced, large plantations are formed, yielding a considerable profit, and it seems that this useful tree will eventually spread over the whole island.

Students in natural history unable to afford the cost of alcohol for the preservation of their specimens, may be glad to know that rock-salt, forty ounces, nitrate of potassa, four ounces, dissolved in one gallon of water, constitute a fluid which can be used instead of alcohol, and with a satisfactory result. For a large number of objects, the quantity of water might be increased, with a consequent further reduction of cost. It has been suggested that Greenwich Hospital might now be used as a museum for the natural history and many other objects for which there is not room enough at the British Museum.

An improved chafing-pan has been brought out

in Paris, which, instead of fuel, has a small lamp with a flat wick, and a hollow lid filled with fine sand. The lamp heats the sand, and when once heated, maintains the temperature with a very small flame. It is an article which can be used for many purposes in a kitchen; and in a bedroom the sand-heated lid would serve as a foot-warmer, and the lamp as a night-light.

Important improvements have been made in the casting of Bessemer steel, which is apt to be specky or full of air-bubbles on cooling. One is to pour in the molten metal at the bottom of the mould, by which, as it is forced upwards, all the air is expelled. Another is to rotate the moulds, which sends the metal outwards, the gases escape from the centre of the liquid mass, and it solidifies much more perfectly than in the usual method of casting. As regards the working of steel, Mr Whitworth is developing a process for shaping molten or plastic steel into any required form. Experiments have been made in Chatham dockyard, which appear to demonstrate that electro-magnetism can be used as a test for iron. Large plates or bars of iron may look sound and good to the eye, and yet contain many fatal flaws; and hitherto there has been no means of detecting these flaws, unless there chanced to be some minute signs upon the surface. But according to the official accounts, they can be discovered by the application of an electro-magnetic current, though in what way we are not yet informed. The method is applicable also to the testing of cannon, hence the sending out of an unsound gun from the factory should now become an impossibility. And if guns and bars can be thus tested, why not chains, and so make sure that chain-cables with flaws shall no more be used.

Various schemes are under trial for blowing messages and light articles through small tubes by compressed air, without wasting the air. The blast rushes from one division of the tube to another, regulated by valves, and the little gutta-percha bag with its load of messages travels quick as thought; and there is apparently no limit to the frequency with which dispatches can be sent.

The waste of coal-dust, especially in the mining districts, has often been remarked on, and severely blamed as a throwing away of what might be a source of profit. It is satisfactory to know that the waste is not so great as formerly, in consequence of the conversion of coal-dust into artificial fuel. This process has been introduced at the mines of Pennsylvania, so that economy of coal, we may hope, will prevail in the United States as well as elsewhere. In France and Belgium, nearly a million tons of coal-dust are consolidated annually for use as fuel.

News has been received from Mr Whymp, who, as readers will remember, has gone to explore Greenland. In July last, he was about to start from Jakobshavn for a journey inland, with sledges and Scandinavian attendants, so that we may hope to hear in the course of a few months whether the interior of Greenland is really green and tenanted by large herds of reindeer, as some geographers suppose, or whether snow, ice, and barren rock prevail, as along the coast. Of specimens of animals, plants, and minerals, Mr Whymp has sent home a good collection, together with a number of flint implements, which, as he writes, are superior to any yet seen in England.

While our climber of the Matterhorn is thus exploring, and the American, Captain Hall, is still

continuing his search for relics of Sir John Franklin, certain French geographers and navigators are trying to organise an expedition for an attempt to reach the North Pole by way of Behring's Strait. The scheme is to push through that opening, and, if possible, reach the open polar sea—the Polynia—which has been seen by Russian explorers, and is described as always navigable. The Emperor has encouraged this scheme by a handsome contribution, and if the amount required can be raised, the vessel will sail next spring.

The Brazilian government have thrown open the great river Amazon to the traders of all the world—a meritorious proceeding on their part, which will no doubt be well rewarded. The formal opening was but a simple operation: they sent one of their admirals in a war-ship to sail into the river, and declare it free to all-comers; yet who shall predict the consequences?

### THE TRAIN.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

I come from haunts of Smith and Son;

I agitate the vapours;

I take in *Judy*, *Punch*, and *Fun*,

And all the morning papers;

And all the magazines besides,

Since *Chambers's* began;

And all varieties of guides,

And all degrees of man.

I roll away like 'thunder live'

With half a ship the freight of,

Two hundred miles a day at five

Times ten an hour the rate of.

Twice twenty streets I intersect,

And flash o'er twenty runnels,

With many loops the towns connect,

And vanish in the tunnels;

And out again I curve, and so

Pursue my destination;

For men may come, and men may go,

Or stop in any station.

I echo down the mountain-pass,

I pass fine 'ruins' over,

As light as harebell in the grass,

Or leveret in the clover.

Like Orpheus, the trees I charm,

And set the hedgerows dancing;

With here a forest, there a farm,

Retiring and advancing.

'I draw them all along,' and thread

The counties everywhere;

As men must have their daily bread,

So I my daily fare.

*In the beginning of December will be issued*

**A Double Extra Christmas Number of**

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